

IF THOSE MEMORIES HAVE LEFT ME, HOW

Do I regain them? Water gushes down
the narrow clefts as the snow melts

A rapid renewal in the bowels of
the earth -- its fragile skin. My own

Skin is thick and hard as my life
my brain has made it. I'll remember

The only man I am, can be, is
as the brain -- also, a shaft in stone

I HAVE NOT NAMED ANYTHING ITS NAME

I have accepted also, easily, the names
that others have given -- gross words

Even for the richest delicacies imaginable
woman out of man. The wheat is high

In the field of the western plains --
we gathered seed for a beginning

If it die -- is the edict
that's laid down upon us

The corruption of death -- this is
from whence it came

I'VE EX-

IF

Amined
my

It looks like
a poem

In-
tentions

Believe me

They
are

Somebody will
believe

My ex-
tensions

It is a poem

-- Judson Crews

Ranches of Taos NM